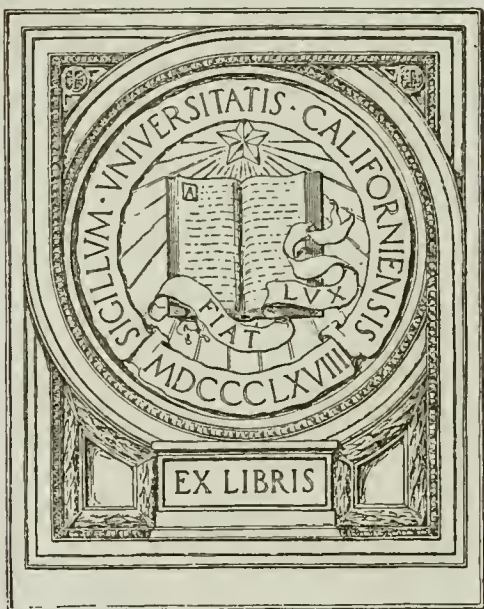


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EXPOSITION
'08



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1908

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Class of S. '08

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To the President and Faculty
of the
Los Angeles State Normal School,
we, the class of S. '08
affectionately dedicate this, our
Exponent



Jesse F. Millspaugh, A. M., M. D., Pres.

FACULTY.



Harriet E. Dunn

Agnes Elliott

James F. Chamberlain

Everett Shepardson

Josephine E. Seaman



Nellie H. Gere
Fred Allison Howe
Alice M. Osden

Isabel French
Gail Harrison
Loye Holmes Miller



Charles W. Kent
Jennie Hagan
M. Belle Stever

Beatrice Chandler Patton
Wayne P. Smith
Clara M. Preston



Ella G. Wood
Arnold L. Gesell
May A. English

Lewis M. Terman
Sarah E. Woodbury
Kate F. Osgood



John B. Cleveland
Elizabeth Sullivan
Sarah J. Jacobs

Helen C. Mackenzie
Clayton F. Palmer
Jessica C. Hazzard

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Everett Shepardson, A. M., Supervisor of Training School
Harriet E. Dunn, Secretary of the Faculty
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Training School

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Elizabeth T. Sullivan, A. B.
M. Belle Stever
Sarah C. Woodbury

A June Phantasy

The world is aflood with amber-shine,
A sea of ethereal, sparkling wine,
Passionate pulsing of liquid fire,
White-waved utterance of spheral choir.

Silver threads in a garment of gold,
Phantasies wabing o'er sea and wold,
An opaline ocean of flame and mist,
Sealing their love in an endless tryst;

The dug out heart of the yellow moon
Blown through the blue of a flawless June;
A million of poppies atomized, fair,
Filling the space of the luminous air;

A canary tinge in fathoms of light,
Or waters that throb in the moonbeams bright,
A matchless blessing, a silent boon,
Is the amber wine and shine of June.

T. HOWARD WILSON.



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T. HOWARD WILSON, ASS'T EDITOR



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FLORENCE GREENING ATHLETICS AND ORGANIZATIONS ELSIE CROWLEY, ALUMNAE

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In the editorial word to the readers of the Exponent, brevity can easily be its redeeming virtue.

The rapid approach of the commencement season which will end the days of the Summer Class of '08 in the Los Angeles State Normal School may be allowed to be a proper reason for the expression of our feelings of joy, mingled with sorrow; joy as we begin a new stage on life's highway, sorrow as we bid farewell to our Alma Mater.

Our days here have been filled with work and play, profit and pleasure, and we have been favored in finding friends, comrades and helpers whom we shall not willingly forget. It is not easy to say "Farewell," but the broad path we have traveled while here now seems to divide almost endlessly and each is called to follow his individual way with its special duties, privileges, pleasures and deeds. Our best wishes for the success of each, whithersoever his way leads, we hereby convey to our classmates and fellow students, our teachers and friends.

To the members of the staff and all who have contributed to the preparation of this issue of the Exponent; to Miss Gere, Dr. Howe, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Kent and Dr. Smith, of the Faculty, for their counsel and assistance so generously given at all times, we take this opportunity of expressing publicly our thanks and appreciation. Whatever merit this Exponent may have is largely due to their sympathetic coöperation and valuable advice in all parts of the work.

For those who have so liberally advertised in this number of the Annual, we desire to bespeak the patronage of the students and friends of the Normal School. It is needless to intimate the absolute reliability of the firms whose names appear in our pages.

CAROL LARKINS, Editor.

June 15, 1908.

SENIOR



E. MORTLETT

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Bessie Seay

Bessie Wine

The Gods of His Fathers



From the little cluster of huts among the rice-fields there arose a continual drone of petitions, a clamor of resounding blows of sticks upon brass gongs, as the despairing farmers sought in vain to gain the attention of the gods. But the spirits who watched over the rice-crops were displeased, their hearts were hardened, their ears seemed to suffer no torture from the clamor of cries and blows which made the long-suffering "White Lady," who came daily from the Mission Station in the next village to care for the sick and comfort the suffering, hold her head in pain.

For three months had the villagers watched in fear and dull despair their rice fields, where for some mysterious reason the tender young plants, which usually made an emerald covering over the surface of the swampy fields, now wilted and turned yellow. Fresh seed was planted in the nursery patch, until all the slender reserve stock was exhausted, but at each transplanting to the main patches, the dread spirits of the air swooped down upon the fields and the anxious peasants gazed upon their ruin in misery. Prayer sticks were set up along the banks, and fluttering papers were seen from every post and shrub; the priests at the temple on the hill were hard at work before the altar, making a continuous babel of prayers; and numberless punks were burned in the effort to appease the wrathful spirits of earth and air.

In the hut where dwelt little Ah Sing there was no more hope. The stock of rice which had been saved from the year before was gone; their chickens had been given one by one to the priests; now nothing remained but patient suffering till death should release them. The father sold little by little their few possessions; but there came a morning when there was nothing left. The mother and little sister lay on the straw too weak to rise; Ah Sing sat in the corner gazing with glassy eyes into vacancy; while the father beat upon his breast and moaned in his helplessness. The day wore away and night came on again. When the morning light again stole into the wretched shelter there was no wakening stir from the women, and what had been the father was now a ghostly object, his life taken by his own hands.

When the "White Lady," worn and haggard from her unceasing toil among the dying, found her way to the little hut on the edge of the rice-field, she found only little Ah Sing, crouched upon the straw in the corner, his eyes still gazing with dogged suffering into vacancy. The thin chest, hardly covered by the few dirty rags he wore, seemed scarcely to move. It seemed to him that he floated into a vast darkness, when a cool wind touched his fevered brow and then seemed to carry him to a fleecy cloud and lay his tired body upon it.

At last the boy awoke once more to the realization of life, to find himself in the Mission House with the "White Lady," whom he had learned to love during former visits to the Mission, bending over him with a smile of welcome. Many days

did he stay with his kind friend and when he was strong again she told him that she was going to take him to America with her. A great joy arose in Ah Sing's heart as the bright vistas were pictured for him. He knew that all must be happiness in a land whence came such loving and helpful beings as she.

When they reached the great America Sing's queue was cut off at his own request, for the "White Lady" told him that American boys wore their hair cut short and yet no terrible punishments, such as threatened by the Chinese priests, ever came to them. He was sent to school with other boys, whom, though their faces were white, he soon found to be like himself in their plays and ambitions. During all his school life he held in his heart the ambition to return to China and teach his countrymen to throw aside their foolish superstitions.

On his nineteenth birthday the good "White Lady" died. Ah Sing, a boy no longer, began to make preparations to take up his chosen life-work. Many friends were at the pier to bid him good-bye, when he started on his long voyage across the Pacific, for in him they saw one who was to do great things for his fellow-men, who was to teach those blinded by superstition's dark cloud of the great truths of life and religion. Tears were in Ah Sing's eyes as he bade farewell to the land where his dear "White Lady" had been so much to him, but joy and hope were in his face as he greeted the land of his fathers.

Then for three years Ah Sing labored among his kinsmen, meeting many difficulties and discouragements. Still he persevered in his teaching, upheld by his faith in the Christian religion, which the good "White Lady" had taught him. He became respected for his knowledge, but still was reviled and looked upon with suspicion because of his faith. The ignorant peasants were slow in giving their confidence to one who seemed ready to overthrow all their traditions.

One day something happened which turned the stream of Ah Sing's ambitions. It was only a glance from a pair of almond eyes, but it changed the whole world for him. Pretty Fan Lee had won him with a glance. Then did he plead for her hand, but the august father would have naught to do with a "Christian dog." Pleading availed naught, the family gods could not be so dishonored.

For weeks Ah Sing was not seen among the people. He was fighting a battle in which the memory of the "White Lady" fought with the new-found love.

One morning as the villagers bowed down in the courtyard of the joss-house, a worshipper entered who seemed ill at ease, in unaccustomed surroundings. He brought his offering to the priest, who received it with a look which at first showed astonishment and then changed to delight as he recognized the stranger. In the midst of the babel of prayers the newcomer's voice rose high above the others; his prayer-bell tinkled loudest and clouds of incense arose from the punks which he set up before the altar. As he turned away after his duty was performed and emerged from the darkened temple, his face shone with new joy and hope. Ah Sing had gone back to the gods of his fathers.

GERTRUDE BAILEY, '09.

Senior Class=Day Exercises

Friday, June 19th, 1908

On the School Grounds

10:15 A. M.

Class Song

The Ivy Planting Kenneth Bailey

Response Lillian Robinson, Pres. Senior B Class

A Song of the Planting The Class

In the Assembly Room

10:45 A. M.

Processional Orchestra Accompaniment

Scripture Reading Grace Miller, Class President

Chant Class

Song, "The Angel" (Rubinstein)

. Mae Crothers and Vivian Miller

Chronicles of the Class Jeanette Mitchell

Class Prophecy Fanny Goodrich

Children's Songs Sarah Utley and Josephine McMillan

Class Will Zoe Westland

Song, "Killarney" (Balfe)

. Isabelle Richardson, Mary Williams, Kathleen Johnston

Farewell Jessie K. Paxton

Color Song Class

Class Luncheon

12:00 M.

Entertainment in Vaudeville

In the Assembly Room

3:00 P. M.

CHAIRMEN OF CLASS DAY COMMITTEES

Ivy Planting Elva Williams

Assembly Louise Oakey

Luncheon Alice Clark

Vaudeville Lorna Reavis

June

There's a deeper hue
To the sky's fair blue;
The breeze plays a drowsy tune;
And the whole day through,
Leaves sigh to you,
" 'Tis June, my Love, 'tis June."

From the pines, the dove
Calls his lady-love;
The fields hear the bee's low croon;
And the streams that rove
Through the shady grove,
Sing, "June, my Love, 'tis June."

And the notes that start
From my own wild heart,
As these hours pass all too soon,
Find a counterpart
In this summer art
Of June, my Love, of June.

L. B. HIBBEN.

"The Wisdom of Fools"

A visit to the dressmaker is usually looked upon with dread by those who have suffered the weariness of long hours of fitting and planning, but I came to find much pleasure in going to Mrs. Warwick, for she had a quaint little cottage crowded with odd bits of old fashioned furniture, heirlooms from the days when her family had been the leading one in Newburyport. She was very deaf, but loved to talk about the good old days of New England. It became the custom for me, on my visits, to ask her about some bit of furniture, and it never failed to bring forth an interesting history.

One day, after I thought she had given me the story of every bit of furniture she possessed, I chanced upon a queer-looking object in a dark corner.

"Why, Mrs. Warwick," I said, "isn't that a quaint old cornpopper! How does it happen that you never showed me this?"

"Child alive, do you think that is a cornpopper! Didn't you ever see a warming-pan before? In the days before stoves came into fashion, folks were glad to have their beds warmed up before they crawled into them on cold winter nights. Look here," she continued, holding the lamp so that I could see a quaint old water-color drawing which hung above the hautboy in the corner, "that was built by nothing more nor less than warming-pans," and the old lady chuckled as she gazed at the picture, which was of a large, rambling old Colonial mansion, painted white and surrounded by the proverbial rows of stiff poplars.

I knew there must be something interesting to come, so I settled down into the old armchair to listen.

"Yes, you needn't tell me that wise folks know it all. Sometimes the ones they call fools get ahead of them. Well, you see it was this way. In the old Colonial days many people came to America to make their fortunes, who could not get on well in the old country. One of these was George Dexter. He landed in Newburyport one day with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, expecting to go back just rolling in wealth. I've heard that he was related to some great family over there. Well, anyway they packed him off when he was twenty-one, with a little money to start him out in life, and not knowing how to do a thing to help himself. He was sort of simple, not really foolish, you know, but the kind that acts stupid and makes folks laugh at them and guy them all the time.

"Well, he put up at the inn and began telling everybody that he had come over to make his fortune. Of course everybody wanted to tell him how to begin right away. He thought that all the different ways of investing his money were very fine, but there were so many of them that he could not decide. At last folks got tired of hearing about it and put up all sorts of jokes on him. One day some one suggested that he get a load of warming pans and sell them to the Spaniards in Cuba, who were just then doing a fine trade with England in sugar and molasses. George thought that was a fine scheme, for Cuba must be a cold country, right out in the ocean that way, with the winds howling around it all the time. He felt a yearning to do something very adventurous, too, so he seized upon the plan with great delight. Everybody in the village pitched in to help get him started. Soon all the warming pans he could lay hands on were bought up and a little coasting schooner which was laid up for repairs was hired to carry the cargo. The captain and sailors entered into the joke with the

rest. They saw in it only an easy way to earn good pay on a pleasure trip to the south with the added entertainment of a huge joke, which they could enjoy on the sly, while George Dexter paced the deck with an air of proud importance, slapping his empty pockets and thinking how soon they would be filled to overflowing with good round Spanish doubloons.

"They sailed into a little bay on the Cuban coast one very warm day in July, and even George Dexter's confident heart sank as he realized how little need there was of warming pans in this balmy air, where the breezes scarcely stirred the leaves. The captain anchored in the bay and waited until a boat, sent out by the owner of the sugar plantation near the bay, reached the ship.

"The captain and George were invited to land and visit the master of the plantation, that they might make their business known. This they did with great eagerness and were entertained by the courteous Spaniards, who seldom had English visitors on their tropical island.

"George could not conceal his errand very long and soon burst forth with a proud air of ownership, saying that he had brought to the inhabitants of these lonely islands a ship-load of the most useful objects that they could possess—objects which had long been a source of joy and comfort to the people of his own land. His hosts became very much interested upon hearing this and were eager to hear more. George called to a sailor to bring the parcel which he had carried wrapped in his heavy sea-cloak. He unfolded it before the eyes of the now puzzled Spaniards and displayed to their gaze a curious object, shaped like a good sized dish, of brass, with a quaintly carved cover fastened with a hinge, and a long handle of wood. The bewildered host turned to him for an explanation of this mystery, which, when given, did not bring to the Spaniard's face the look of delight and gratitude which George expected. There was a moment of constrained silence, in which the host was evidently struggling to suppress his mirth. Then a man who seemed to be an overseer stepped up to his master and said something which was not translated for George's benefit, but which brought a new look of interest to the Spaniard's eyes. He picked up the warming-pan and examined it more carefully, then, after conversing eagerly for a moment with his overseer, he asked permission of George to take the cover off the pan, and then invited the whole party to go with him to the sugar-house, which stood not far from the little pier.

"They entered the long shed and found great caldrons of molasses boiling and bubbling over red-hot fires, tended by perspiring slaves. The overseer stepped up to one of the caldrons and, taking the warming-pan by its long handle, put it into the boiling liquid and began to skim off the white scum which was gathering on top. An ejaculation of pleasure came from the master, and the slaves excitedly gathered around to see.

"The Spaniard turned to George and told him that this was the very thing which they had long been seeking in the sugar-boiling business, a long-handled pan which might be used as a skimmer. He asked with eagerness how many George could supply and contracted to take the whole ship-load for himself and his friends at a good round price and assured George that there would be a good market for his wares in every part of the island where sugar was raised. George's fortune was made from that moment. He started back home in great delight, and this time the sailors chuckled before his face and not behind his back as they had done on

the voyage south, for he had in his joy given them gold pieces all around, and when they got back to Newburyport you may be sure that he ordered a great cask of rum sent out to the schooner.

"He scoured the country for warming-pans and even made a voyage to England for a ship-load of them before he had the Cuban market supplied. He soon showed, too, that he knew how to make his money grow, for he built up a large general trade with Cuba and his ships were well known in New England ports.

"I remember my great-grandmother telling me how, when she was a little girl, it was the delight of the whole village to see the great gilt coach, with its six cream-colored horses and negro outriders in crimson livery, roll out between the gates of the Mansion House and George Dexter, now become 'Sir George,' bowed most benignly as he swept through the village in a cloud of dust."

"This story is a true one," said the old lady as she banged the cover of the warming-pan and set it back in its corner. "Yes, it is certainly true, for it is just as my great-grandmother told it to me, and she saw Sir George himself."

She rattled on with many details of the village life in the olden days, with the pleasure of a deaf person who has found a willing listener, while I gazed again at the quaint old drawing of the mansion and traced the grooved patterns on the cover of the warming-pan with my finger, musing upon the uncertainty of Dame Fortune, who oft passes by us wiser folk to shower her largesse into the eager hands of some village "simple." A great rattling seemed to sound in my ears, and a clatter of many hoofs: "Way for Sir George Dexter, good people!" and again the great gilt coach seemed to pass before my eyes and I received a gracious bow from the pompous, bewigged old gentleman who looked forth from the window of the chariot.

"Out of the way there, good folk; Sir George Dexter takes the air today!"

ALUMNA.



Jack

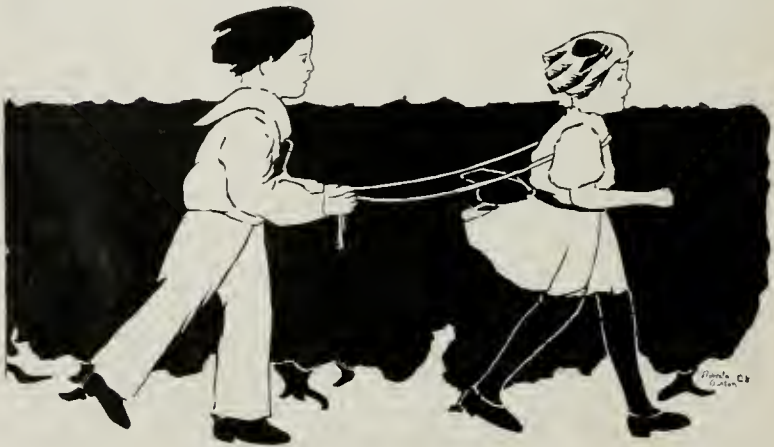
Jack and I had grown up together, and as we grew older, we became very fond of each other; in fact, so fond that mother would often say, "There will be a runaway some day," and she was right; for one day her prophecy came true, and that is how Jack and I fell out, at least how I fell out.

It all happened one beautiful afternoon while we were out driving together. Jack planned a "runaway," but I begged him not to think of such a thing, as it might not be as romantic as he supposed; but he would not listen to me, and the more I entreated, the more stubborn he grew, until he finally became so angry that he turned, leaving me sitting by the dusty road.

I did not know how much Jack had really hurt me until evening when I reached home, and then I had the blues so badly that I cried all night.

The next day father went up town to find Jack, and smooth matters over if possible; and that evening they came home together. I had fully made up my mind never to speak to Jack again, but when I saw him gazing through the window at me with his large, brown eyes which spoke volumes, and when I remembered that he was alone in the world, without a father or a mother to love him, my pride unbent, and, walking up to him, I put both my arms around his neck and said, "Jack aren't you sorry." But Jack only stood looking at me in sullen silence. Again I tried to arouse him and shrieked into his ear, "Jack, you know that you are sorry." And this time, laying his head upon my shoulder he cried "Ah-eh-ah-eh-ah," and I knew that he meant what he said.

E. VON DORMAN.





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SENIOR B CLASS

Senior B Class

Lillian Robinson	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Mae Durkee	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Marion Amidon	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

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Hardesty, Alice	Stull, Helene
Helm, Mrs. Florence	Vale, Mable
Horton, Elizabeth	Vandegrift, Louise
Hovey, M. Lila	Van Dusen, Edith
Jensen, Elsie	Van Settert, Mrs. Edith
Lane, Josephine	Woodham, Edith

Planting Song

O MEMORY dear, this song we raise, this tree we plant,
for thee!

Forget we cannot, and we would not quite forgotten be!
The song will cease, but little Oak, may you grow tall and
great,
And some who rest beneath your shade remember "Naughty-
Eight!"

And as they hear among your leaves the wind breathe soft
and low,
Or catch the trill of happy birds that flutter to and fro,
Perchance a note from some old song, to memory dedicate,
Shall whisper that our hearts are here—the hearts of "Naughty-
Eight!"

For though we may, in this dear place, not all join hands again,
Or blend our voices in a song, some sweet familiar strain,
In spirit we shall oft return, and in the silence wait
Beneath the tree, the still unbroken class of "Naughty-Eight!"

Then let all sad thoughts fly away, our hearts be stanch and
true,
To brave the storm and guard the weak, O sturdy Tree, like
you!
To take from earth the strength to grow toward heaven true
and straight,
Earth at our feet, our home the sky, O Class of "Naughty-
Eight!"

FRED ALLISON HOWE.



Alumni



THE members of the Alumni add to the glory of the Normal by their achievements after graduating. Just now our interest is centered in the Alumni as an association.

For years there was a business meeting held annually in the Assembly Hall of the Normal, after which there was a banquet.

In December, 1904, a special meeting was called for the purpose of giving a reception to Dr. Mills-paugh. This delightful affair took place at the Woman's Club House.

The usual reunion and banquet were held in June, 1905, but in June, 1906, there was no meeting.

In September, 1906, Mrs. Mary Laubersheimer was made acting president. Mr. Moses W. Chandler and Miss Agnes Elliott were appointed to carry out plans for the Christmas luncheon. Mr. Chandler was made chairman of the committee to prepare for the reunion in June, 1907.

June 15, 1907, the first regular business meeting was held. The new officers elected were as follows: President, Moses W. Chandler; Vice-President, Frank Bunker; Secretary-Treasurer, Agnes Elliott. According to the new constitution adopted at the time, the annual reunion will be held in December, at the time of the Southern California Teachers' Association.

On the evening of June 28, 1907, there was held in the gymnasium the greatest social event in the history of the school, the Twenty-fifth Alumni Banquet. Four hundred and seventy-five guests, including members from every class that has graduated from the school, were present.

The reunion in December, 1907, was a close second to the June meeting. At this meeting the present officers were elected: President, Frank Bunker; Secretary-Treasurer, Ella Nevelle.

Now all the Alumni and the Faculty are waiting to see what will happen at the next Alumni Banquet in December, 1908. According to the new constitution, the classes of winter, '08, and summer, '08, will make their debut then.

Nu Sigma Phi

It has been well said that "in union there is strength."

This year the men of the Normal have realized this fact and formed a brotherhood, known as the Nu Sigma Phi.

The objects and aims of the club are best expressed in the words of the preamble of the constitution: "We agree to adopt and support the following: To promote literary, athletic and other interests of the young men students of the State Normal School at Los Angeles, and to advance social activities of said institution."

The constitution provides for two classes of members, active and honorary. All boys attending the school are eligible for active membership. All men graduates may become honorary members by the payment of a fee of fifty cents to cover initiation and dues for the current year.

The officers for this year are: Walter Kressen, President; Wilford E. Talbert, Vice-President; John Bryson, Secretary and Treasurer.



The Glee Club

Early in the life of the Normal a Glee Club was organized. The object of the Club is to help create a higher standard of musical appreciation and to further musical life in the school. The membership is limited to twenty-five members, chosen largely from the middle classes.

Aside from occasional contributions in the Assembly Hour, the Club, with the aid of its leader, Miss Hagan, gave its annual recital in honor of the winter graduating class. The program consisted of part songs and the cantata, "The Lady of Shalott." Members of the Glee Club sang the chorus to "As You Like It," the W. '08 Class Play. They also gave a program before the "Star and Crescent" of the Los Angeles High School.

The Club is now giving a series of "Folk Songs" every Wednesday before the student body, presenting songs from the thirteenth century down to the present day.

1st Soprano

Georgia Burke ·
 Laura Venable ·
 Vivian Miller ·
 Mae Crothers ·
 Marie Rouse ·
 Louise McHugh ·
 Ethel Marble ·

1st Alto

Lucy Whittlesey ·
 Nellie Ratliff ·
 Irene Pownall ·
 Hazel Eldred ·
 Margaret Sturgis

2nd Soprano

Harriett Jones ·
 Georgia Lomax ·
 Edith Johnson ·
 Violet Thayer
 Edith Jones

2nd Alto

Hilda Smith ·
 Kathleen Johnson
 Mary Jones ·
 Grace Ranklin ·
 Eula Crane
 Susie Ott



The Orchestra

In the latter part of February, 1907, the Normal School Orchestra was organized, and the following officers elected: President, A. D. Brant; Librarian, R. K. Bailey.

The orchestra gave a full musical program at the January Senior Class Play, and has assisted in Chapel several times during the year.

The members of the orchestra are:

Violins—

Mr. L. H. Miller.
Miss Lelia Putman.
Mr. James Weinstein.
Miss Amy Clark.
Miss Lorna Reavis.
Miss Margaret Paxton.

Bass—

Miss Virginia Miller.

Cornets—

Mr. R. K. Bailey.
Mr. A. D. Brant.

Piano—

Miss Leonore Hund.



Tennis Club

Mary Laney	Loueva Honn
Alice Jones	Agnes Hanifar
Mary Jones	Lila Havey
Elizabeth Smith	

Boys' Basket Ball

Charles Kent, Coach
Wilford Talbert, Manager

Lacy	Cripe
Bailey	Hank
Bryant	Harwood
Bryson	

Girls' Basket Ball

Lurline Short	Bonnie Barrow
Effie Hariss	Edith Woodham
Bonnie Scott	Mary Holt
Josephine Fulgham	Elizabeth Smith
Mildred Mogul	Clara Maurer
Alice Jones	Alice Robinson
Irene Clark	Alma Thomas
Ellen Kidd	Frieda Mauch

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. was organized about 1887 in the Los Angeles Normal.

In 1906 the Alumnæ of the Y. W. C. A. formed an association, whose financial help has made it possible to maintain a student secretary. At present Miss Nellie Vale holds this position, having succeeded Miss Polly Graham.

The Pacific Coast conference of the national Y. W. C. A. is held annually in April at Capitola for ten days. Four hundred young women from the universities, colleges and normal schools of the West assemble there.

Every Thursday the members of the Los Angeles association have the opportunity of hearing prominent speakers on helpful subjects.

A series of lectures given by Miss Seaman during the year to her Bible Study Class has been much enjoyed. Her subjects were the great characters and prophets of the Old Testament.

Miss Rhuamah Smith has been a most efficient president during the year, and it is expected, with Miss Nain Taylor as president, assisted by a well-organized cabinet, that the association will be an increasingly helpful factor in the school life of the Normal during the coming year.

The Debating Society

Early in April the Los Angeles State Normal Debating Society was organized, with an enrollment of fifteen members.

The officers are: President, Wilford E. Talbert; Vice-President, J. K. Cookman; Secretary, Edith Jones; Treasurer, G. D. Honk; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Cripe.

Meetings are held on the second and fourth Fridays of the month. The programs consist of debates on subjects of interest to the present-day teacher.

Although a new organization, the debating society is fast increasing in number, and is a source of profit and enjoyment to its members.



Class Play—Summer '08



On Monday evening, June 22, 1908, at Gamut Club, members of the Senior Class, '08, will present Arthur Penero's three-act farce entitled, "The Schoolmistress." The farce was first presented in London, March 27, 1885, and it immediately caught the laughter and applause of the town, the success being so decided that the play retained its place on the program until March 22, 1887. The synopsis and cast are as follows:

Act I.—The Mystery — Reception Room at Volumnia College.

Act II.—The Party Class Room, Volumnia College.

Act III.—The Nightmare—Morning Room at Admiral Rankling's in Portlon Place.

Cast

The Hon. Vere Queckett	- - -	Porter Hillman
Miss Doyott (Principal of Volumnia College for Daughters of Gentlemen)	- - -	Marie Rouse
Rear-Admiral Archibald Rankling, C. B. (of H. M. Flag Ship Pandora)	- - -	Laura Venable
Mrs. Rankling	- - -	Elizabeth Thompson
Dinah	- - -	Lucy Whittlesey
Mr. Reginald Paulover	- - -	Gladys Freeman
Peggy Hesslerigge (an Articled Pupil)	-	Mabel Creager
Lieut. John Mallory (of H. M. Flag Ship Pandora)	-	
- - -	- - -	Harriett E. Jones
Mr. Saunders (Mr. Mallory's Nephew, of the Training Ship Dexterous)	- - -	Georgia Burke
Gwendoline Hawkins	- - -	La Veta Crump
Ermytrude Johnson	- - -	Barbara Morrison
Mr. Otto Bernstein (a Popular Composer)	-	Hazel Clark
Jaffray	- - -	Hazel Clark
Tyler (a Servant)	- - -	Josephine Fulgham
Jane Chimpan	- - -	Gertrude Ambrose
Goff	- - -	Grace L. Rankin
Director of Play	-	Alice M. Osden, Dept. of Reading

Play Committee

Lucy Whittlesey Mabel Creager Valeria C. Lee
Music by the Normal Orchestra and Glee Club.

Attendance of Faculty at Assembly

March 1908

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Millsbaugh, Jesse F.																	a			
Dunn, Harriett																				
Miller, Loye H.				a								a		a		a			a	
Chamberlain, J.																				
Smith, Wayne P.	a	a	a							a									a	a
Terman, Lewis					a	a	a	a					a						a	
Osden, Alice M.	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Seaman, Josephine																				
French, Isabel	a	a			a	a	a	a		a	a			a	a	a	a		a	a
Palmer, Clayton	a		a			a	a	a			a	a	a	a			a	a		a
Elliott, Agnes			a	a	a	a	a					a					a			a
Gesell, Arnold											a	a								
Gere, Nellie	a		a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a		a			a	a	a	
Jacobs, Sarah				a	a	a	a													
Shepardson, Everett					a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a							
Hagan, Jennie																				
Wood, Ella		a																		
Howe, Fred			a									a				a	a			
Cleveland, John				a		a					a			a	a					
English, May											a							a		
Kent, Charles					a	a						a		a			a	a	a	a

Society

"Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not today in vain,
For it will never come again."

1907

September

27 Faculty Reception.

October

Y. W. C. A. Series.

25 June, '08, and October, '08, Class Party.

November

22 President and Mrs. Millspaugh entertain Fall
Term graduates.

27 Autumn Graduation Exercises.
"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

December

13-30 Vacation.
"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the castle wall."

The vacant spaces are left to encourage independent thinking.
Please write his surname first.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

1908
January

10

Nu Sigma Phi entertains.

"Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children."

17

March, '09, class pre-empts leap-year privileges.

24

June, '08, class entertains winter and spring graduating classes.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

27

Winter, '08, Class Banquet.

"So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more."

29

President and Mrs. Millspaugh entertain winter and spring, '08, classes.

30

Winter, '08, Class Play—"As You Like It."

"All the world's a stage."

31

Graduation Exercises.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,
A sound which makes us linger—yet, farewell!"

February

21

June, '09, Class Leap-year Party.

Boys : Girls :: 2 : 1.

28

Capitola Luncheon.

"Don't make much noise, girls, there's a lady sick at Santa Monica."

March
13

Exit spring class.
"If I were king!" All girls.

20 Character Party.

April
3

Nature Day.

May

?

June
19

S., '08, Class Play.

21 Sermon to Graduating Class.

22 Class Picnic.

23 Class Play.

24 Faculty's Reception to Graduating Class.

25 Commencement.

MY NAME	HOW I LOOK	WHAT I SAY ON ALL OCCASIONS	MY HOBBY	MY OPINION OF MYSELF	WHAT I WILL BE 10 YEARS HENCE
Margery Kibee Maude Granger	Amiable Sleepy	"Say, girlie." "I feel so bad today."	Talking Shop Dragging Myself to recitations	About right Not important	Manicurist Concert player
John Bryson Joe Fulgham Lurline Short James Lacy Porter Hillman	Learned Ready for fun Forlorn Dignified Blustering	"Well—a—a." "Where's Short?" "Have you seen Jo?" "Well, I know THAT." "How's Dental College, Alice?"	Miss Kibbee Athletics Keeping track of Jo Observing babies Bossing	A man O. K. Cute "It" Big "I"	A cop Basket-ball coach Mrs. Lurline — Just like papa Shining as the light of "Day,"
Joe Seaman	Classical	"When I was out yachting last week."	Society	Very fetching	Actress
Mr. Johnson	Shaggy	"Dr. Terman, I differ with you there."	Advising	Nobody like Mr. Johnson	Studying grammar
Miss Finney	Polly Prim	"I've had this dress a long time."	Wearing new dresses	Awfully dear	Miss Finney
Mrs. Lee Mr. Bailey Jeannette Mitchell	Short? Disinterested Cute	"I can't, 'cause Jim's home." "Where's May C?" "I didn't get to bed until one o'clock last night."	Jim Collecting dues Going right home after school	Married Best boy in school	Going to school Making money Countess
Harriett Jones Gladys Freeman Alice Hardesty	Matronly Keen—o Weight and see	"Oh, I just hate him." "Ach, Louis." "Let's get up another dance."	Mrs. Patton Bluffing Telephoning before 4 o'clock	{ The swellest girls in school	Globe trotter Looking for snaps Dentist's wife
Florence Schwarz	Fluffy	"Oh, say, someone rang me up last night."	Getting excuses from Miss Dunn		Telling yarns
Louise McHugh	Just arrived at 8:55 Athletic	"Girls, I haven't opened my book." "A CERTAIN party told me."	Studying just before the term is up Mr. Kressen?	Nothing extra	House-keeping
Jo Lane		"May I have this dance?"	Asking the girls to dance	O. K.	At the profession
Mr. Weinstein	Bantam rooster	"It's no good."	Things not connected with the school "Exponent"	Mr. Weinstein	Dude
Marie Rouse	Grouchy	"I just want to say one thing."		A sure thing	Actress
Mr. Kressen	Dreamy			A capable manager	Successful business man

MY NAME	HOW I LOOK	WHAT I SAY ON ALL OCCASIONS	MY HOBBY	DESCRIBES ME	WHAT I WILL BE 10 YEARS HENCE
Dr. Millspaugh Mr. Miller Mrs. English Miss Elliott Miss Wood Mr. Palmer Miss Seaman	Austere Boyish Piercing Busy Classical Hoppy Pretty nifty	"I dislike to mention this, but——" "Mrs. Miller and the youngster." S "You realize that? Is it perfectly clear?" "That's a store-house of good things." "It came as a revelation to me." "I have just received a few samples from the Department of Agriculture." "The bell hasn't rung yet, but as long as we are all here, we might as well begin." "Fall in."	No talking in the halls Birds My son, Walter Y. W. C. A. Looking neat Bulletins "The compend of the English sentence"	Fatherly Nearly proper Trailing Jolly Particular Hesitating Systematic	Still going Bug-lore-ogist Archaeologist? A busy bee A second Corson Head of Watts' Experimental Station Grammar teacher
Miss Jacobs Miss Dunn Mr. Cleveland Miss Hagan Mr. Chamberlain	Careless Old-fashioned Scandalous Energetic Elongated?	"Fill it out yourself and I'll sign it." "It's something that nobody can decide." "Come forward." "You make a special report on that."	Delaying dancing at noon until quarter of one Excuses and locker keys Trying to look severe Making the chorus sing above the chandeliers Springing exams, and flunking students	Weighty Fierce Lovable Rather young Short	Preceptress of a girls' dormitory Sec. L. A. N. Faculty Principal of a H. S. Go to Fisher's and find out Glacier explorer
Miss Gere Dr. Geselle Miss Osden Dr. Howe Dr. Smith Dr. Terman Mrs. Hazzard Mr. Kent Mr. Shepardson	Quiet Cherub Commanding Sprightly Composed Anything but a professor Flustered Cute Shaven	"This is very interesting." "My worthy colleague—Dr. Terman." "Give it again and I'll help you." "Next time I shall let the class recite and I shall keep still." "I don't know how to spell." "Clark University." "Get your cheeks, girls." "M—m—that would be the best way." "Now, if you please——"	Dark and light Letting my mind wander in chapel Posing Agreeing with everyone in my classes References 7 bright and 7 stupid boys Doing things for other people Tinkering The Training School	Meek Angelic Important Subdued Obliging Strawberry Babyish Youthful Polite	Interesting Full-fledged angel A Maxine Elliott Dear old Dr. Howe Promoter of ethical life A G. Stanley Hall Teaching economy Candle-stick maker Head of a George Junior Republic

Joshes

The Eradicator

A pen was in each snow-white hand,
On each brow lay a frown;
I've never seen such a sorry band
In all Los Angeles town.

Before each lay an open book,
With markings blue and red;
Said a Jr., "Why! so sad you look."
And a Sr. sadly said:

"Alas! alack! a register!
Beware, my little one,
For if you get a blot on her,
'Tis then you are undone."

"Oh, no! cheer up!" the Jr. cried,
With a very knowing wink,
"Two bottles in a store I've spied
That will destroy the ink."

A Normal Boquet

Miss Hagan—Shamrock.
Dr. Gazell—Bachelor Buttons.
Miss Wood—Woodbine.
Dr. Millspaugh—Jessie-mine.
Miss Dunn—Crown Imperial.
Senior Teachers—Morning-glories.
Faculty—Annuals.
Boys—American Beauties.
Flunkers—Blue (Belles).
Dr. Smith—Daisy.
Grad. Exercises—Breath o' Heaven.

Geometry is awful stuff.
It does no good to try to bluff.
And when you do not know—it's tough.
'Tis not like history: Oh, no!
You can't get up in this and blow;
Everything you say you have to know.
Geometry is beastly stuff,
And when you try but make a muff,
You get a zero. Say, it's rough!



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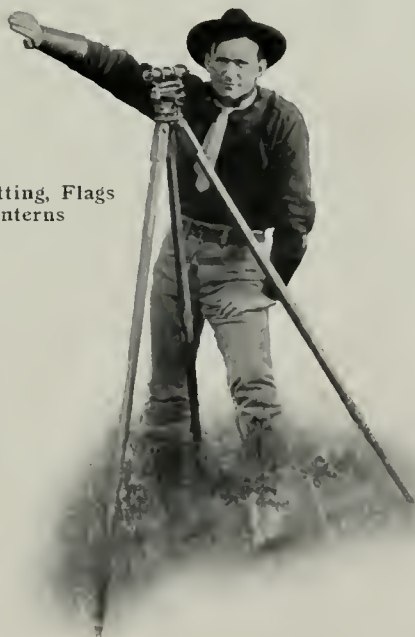
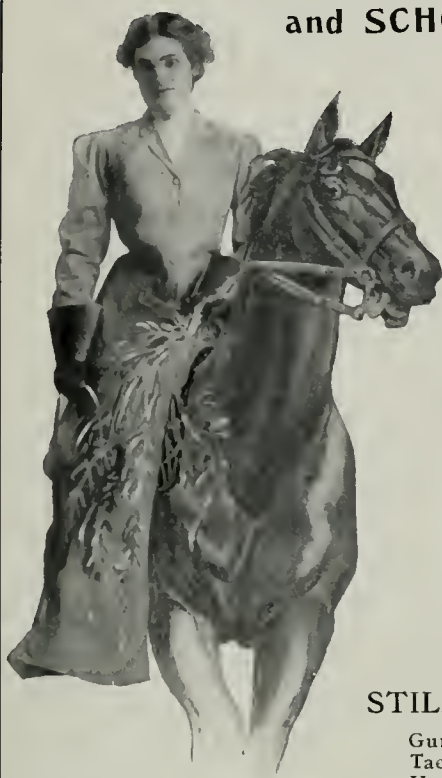
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Phone B'dway 1610 Brown's Confectionery 621 S. Olive St.

A Junior's Lament

"Down to the summer house I go,
With pot and plant, some dirt—a hoe.
I worry and toil the livelong hour,
To grow a dinky old sunflower."

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I can hop; I can skip; I can jump; I can fly;
The greatest "gymnast" in the Normal am I.
But it took many years, many days, many hours,
And now I am one of Miss J——'s choice flowers.

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238 DOUGLAS BUILDING

“When the teacher gets cross and her brown eyes get black,
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack,
We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers instead of a spine.
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin,
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

“When the teacher gets cross, the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playing tricks;
The pluses and minus are just little smears
When the cry-babies cry all their slates up with tears;
The figgers won't add and they act up like sin
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

“When the teacher gets cross, the readers get bad,
The lines jiggle 'round till the chilluns gets sad,
And Billy boy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and lessons were running a race.
Till she hollers out “Next!” as sharp as a pin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

“When the teacher gets good, her smile is so bright
The tables get straight and the readers get right;
The pluses and minus come trooping along,
And figgers add up and stop being wrong,
And we chilluns would like (but we dassent) to shout,
When the teacher gets good and the dimples comes out.”

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

BOOK REVIEW

"Money I Haven't Collected"—Jo. Fulgham.
"Fatness I Haven't Got"—V. Lee.
"Work I Haven't Did"—Bailey.
"Life as a Class President"—G. Miller.
"Speeches and Poems"—J. Johnson.
"Dancing as an Art"—Lacy.
"Giggling as I Do It"—M. Dinneen.
"Flirting and its Benefits"—M. Kibby.

A CHINAMAN'S VERSION OF SCHOOL TEACHER

"Teachee, teachee
All day teachee,
Night Markee papers
Nerves all creepy;
No one kissee
No one huggee,
Poor old maidee
No one lovee."

"Why is Mr. Lacy like Jeanette Mitchell's seminary paper?"
"Lots of talk and nothing said."

Pupil to Zoe W.—"Are you Miss Larkin's mother?"

There once was a teacher named Hagan,
Who was loved by every young pagan.
They would holler and yell—
Oh, their music was—well,
She gave them D minus when gradin'.



HATTING IS AN ART

In view of the fact that a hat either makes or mars an otherwise becoming attire, it stands you in hand to be fitted by an artist. We are artists in hat-fitting, for we do nothing but fit hats. Bring in your head and that's all you will need know.

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A fiddler there be in our school,
Who teaches of toad, rock and pool,
Till our hair stands on end,
And we all say, "Amen!"
When the bell rings to let out the school.

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MISS EDITH EDGERLY, Colton High School.

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Sit out on the lawn, all by themselves,
Until the rude bell for the hour doth chime,
Parting the dears for an hour at a time.

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Now, cooking we have by the maids,
The art must be learned ere they fade;
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Miss Seaman there is with a grammar;
The students they call it a crammer;
Of a noun and a verb
They never have heard,
Yet they hope some day to teach grammar.

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*"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy."*

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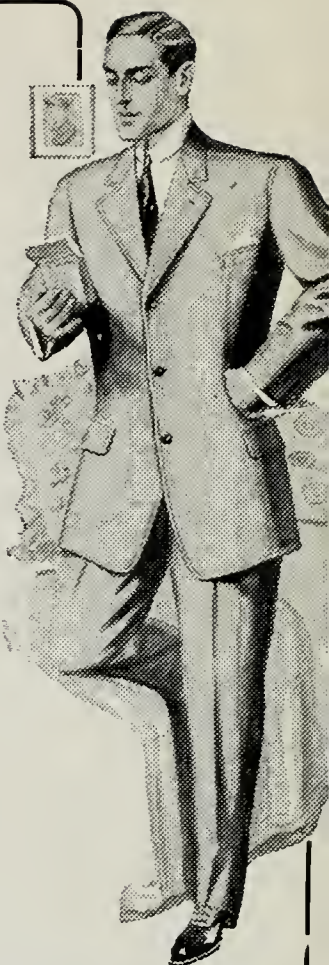
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